THE APPRENTICE.

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

BELFAST:

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M,DCC,LXXIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WINGATE, a paſſionate Old Man, particularly fond of Money and Figures, and involuntarily uneaſy about his Son,	Mr. YATES.
DICK, his Son, bound to an Apothecary, and fond of going on the Stage,	Mr. WOODWARD.
GARGLE, an Apothecary,	Mr. BURTON.
CHARLOTTE, his Daughter,	Miſs MINORS.
Simon, Servant to Gargle,	Mr. H. VAUGHAN.
SCOTCHMAN,	Mr. BLAKES.
IRISHMAN,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
CATCHPOLE, a Bailiff,	Mr. VAUGHAN.

SPOUTING-CLUB, WATCHMEN, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE was Room to apprehend, before the Repreſentation of the following Farce, that the Subject might appear extravagant and merely ideal; but the real exiſtence of it is diſplayed in ſuch a lively and pictureſque Manner by the Author of the Prologue, and was at once ſo univerſally felt by the Audience, that all neceſſity of ſaying any thing further on this Head is now entirely ſuperſeded. What at preſent remains to be feared, is, that the *Apprentice* will not make ſo lively a figure in the Cloſet, as on the Stage, where the Parts in general were allowed to be well performed; where *Simon* was repreſented with a perfection of folly, where the Skill of Mr. *Yates* exhibited the Impotence of a Mind, whoſe Ideas extend very little beyond the multiplication Table, and whoſe Paſſions are ever in a crazy Conflict, unleſs when they all ſubſide into a ſordid Love of Gain: and where Mr. *Woodward*'s admirable comic Genius gave ſuch a Spirit to the whole, that there is Reaſon to think, whenever he relinquiſhes the part, the *Apprentice* may again elope from his Friends, without any one's deſiring him to return to his Buſineſs.

The Author has however, endeavoured to render all its Defects as excuſable as he could, and he wiſhes no ſtronger Criticiſm could be brought againſt him, than the two following Obſervations, which he thinks very ſingular and ſomewhat entertaining, "*I can't*," ſays one, "*give my Opinion of the Piece, until I have Time* "*to conſider the Depth of it.*"—"*Po!*" ſays another, "*this is not all his* OWN, *I remember ſome of it in other* "*Plays*"—In order to aſſiſt the former in his deep Reſearches, and to enable the latter to make good his charge of Plagiariſm, References are made to the ſeveral Plays, from which the diſtempered Hero of the Piece makes up his motly, but characteriſtick Dialect. The intelligent Reader, if he thinks it worth his while to turn over theſe Leaves, will be pleaſed to remember that a Parody does not always carry with it a Burleſque on the Lines alluded to. For (as it is judiciouſly re-

marked in a note to Mr. *Pope*'s Dunciad) "*It is a common, but fooliſh miſtake, that a ludicrous Parody of a grave and celebrated Paſſage is a Ridicule of that Paſſage. A Ridicule indeed there is in every Parody, but where the Image is transferred from one Object to another, there the Ridicule falls not on the Thing* imitated, *but* imitating. *Thus for Inſtance, when*

‡ *Old* Edward's *Armour beams on* Cibber's *Breaſt.*

"It is without Doubt an Object ridiculous enough; "but then I think, *it falls neither on old King* Edward, "*nor his* Armour, *but on his* Armour-Bearer *only.*"

But this is prefacing a Farce as if it were a Thing of moment; I ſhall therefore diſmiſs it to the Preſs, without adding any Thing further, except my grateful Acknowledgments for the very favourable Reception with which the Publick has honoured the trifling Scenes of

Their moſt obliged

Taviſtock Row, *and moſt obedient Servant,*

5th Jan. 1756.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

‡ *A Line of Pope's in a ludicrous Account of the Coronation in Henry the VIIIth.*

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

AND

Spoken by Mr. MURPHY, *dreſſed in Black.*

BEHOLD *a Wonder for Theatric Story!*
The Culprit *of this Night, appears before ye.*
Before his Judges dares theſe Boards to tread,
" With all his imperfections on his Head!"
Prologues precede the Piece,—*in mournful Verſe;*
As Undertakers—walk before the Hearſe.
Whoſe doleful March may ſtrike the harden'd Mind,
And wake it's feelings—for the Dead—behind.
Trickt out in Black thus Actors try their Art,
To melt that ROCK *of* ROCKS—*the Critic's Heart.*
No acted *Fears my Vanity betray;*
I am indeed,—*what others only play.*
Thus far myſelf;—The Farce comes next in View;
Tho' many are it's Faults, at leaſt 'tis NEW.
No ſmuggled, pilfer'd Scenes from France we ſhew,
'Tis Engliſh—Engliſh, Sirs!—from Top to Toe.
Tho' Coarſe my Colours, and my Hand unſkill'd,
From real Life my little Cloth is fill'd.
My Hero is a Youth,—by Fate deſign'd
For culling Simples,—*but whoſe Stage-ſtruck Mind,*
Nor Fate *could* rule, *nor his* Indentures *bind.*
A Place there is where ſuch young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB;—*a glorious treat!*
Where Prentic'd-Kings—alarm the Gaping Street!
There Brutus *ſtarts and ſtares by midnight Taper;*
Who all the DAY *enacts—a Woollen-Draper.*
There Hamlet's *Ghoſt ſtalks forth with doubl'd Fiſt:*
*Cries out with hollow Voice,—*Liſt, Liſt, O Liſt,"
And frightens Denmark's Prince—a young Tobacconiſt.

PROLOGUE.

The Spirit too, clear'd from his deadly White,
Riſes—a Haberdaſher to the Sight!
Not young Attornies—have this rage withſtood,
But change their Pens for Truncheons, *Ink for* Blood;
And (Strange Reverſe!)—die for their Country's Good.
Thro' all the Towns this Folly you may trace;
Myſelf am Witneſs—'tis a common Caſe.
I've further Proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye;
—Look round—you'll find ſome Spouting Youths among ye.
To check theſe Heroes, and their Laurels crop,
To bring them back to Reaſon and their Shop,
To raiſe an harmleſs Laugh was all my Aim,
And if I ſhun contempt,—I ſeek not Fame.
Indulge this Firſtling,—let me but begin,
Nor nip me in—the Buddings of my Sin;
Some Hopes I cheriſh—in your Smiles *I read 'em;*
Whate'er my Faults,—your Candor can exceed 'em.

THE

THE APPRENTICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WINGATE *and* SIMON.

Wingate.

NAY, nay, but I tell you I am convinc'd—I know it is ſo—and ſo Friend, don't you think to triſle with me;—I know you're in the Plot, you Scoundrel, and if you don't diſcover all, I'll——

Simon. Dear Heart, Sir, you won't give a Body Time.

Wingate. Zookers! an whole Month miſſing, and no account of him far or near—Wounds! it's unaccountable—Look ye Friend—don't you pretend——

Simon. Lord, Sir, you're ſo main paſſionate, you won't let a Body ſpeak.

Wingate. Speak out then—and don't ſtand muttering—What a lubberly Fellow you are! ha! ha!—Why don't you ſpeak out, you Blockhead?

Simon. Lord, Sir, to be ſure the Gentleman is a fine young Gentleman, and a ſweet young Gentleman—but, lack-a-day, Sir,—how ſhould I know any Thing of him?

Wingate. Sirrah, I ſay, he could not be 'Prentice to your Maſter ſo long, and you live ſo long in one Houſe with him, without knowing his Haunts, and all his ways—and then, Varlet, what brings you here to my Houſe ſo often?

Simon. My Maſter *Gargle* and I, Sir, are ſo uneaſy about un, that I have been running all over the Town ſince Morning to enquire for un;—and ſo in my Way, I thought I might as well call here.

Wingate. A Villain, to give his Father all this Trouble—And ſo you have not heard any thing of him, Friend?

Simon.

Simon. Not a Word, Sir, as I hope for Mercy; tho', as ſure as you are there, I believe I can gueſs what's come on un. As ſure as any thing, Maſter, the Gypſies have gotten hold on un, and we ſhall have un come home as thin as a Rake—like the young Girl in the City—with living upon nothing but Cruſts and Water for ſix and twenty Days.———

Wingate. The Gypſies have got hold of him, you Blockhead!—Get out of the Room—Here, you, *Simon.*

Simon. Sir.

Wingate. Where are you going in ſuch a Hurry?—let me ſee; what muſt be done?—a ridiculous Numſkull, with his damned *Caſſonders* and *Cloppatra*'s and Trumpery; with his *Romances* and his Odyſſey *Popes*, and a Parcel of Raſcals not worth a Groat;—wearing Stone Buckles, and cocking his Hat;—I never wear Stone Buckles,—never cock my Hat—but, zookers, I'll not put myſelf in a Paſſion—*Simon*, do you ſtep back to your Maſter, my Friend *Gurgle*, and tell him I want to ſpeak with him—tho' I don't know what I ſhould ſend for him for—a ſly, ſlow, heſitating Blockhead!—he'll only plague me with his phyſical Cant and his Nonſenſe—why don't you go, you Booby, when I bid you?

Simon. Yes, Sir— [*Exit.*

Wingate. This Fellow will be the Death of me at laſt—I can't ſleep in my Bed ſometimes for him—An abſurd inſignificant Raſcal,—to ſtand in his own light!—Death and Fury, that we can't get Children, without having a Love for 'em!—I have been turmoiling for the Fellow all the Days of my Life, and now the Scoundrel's run away—Suppoſe I adverti ſe the Dog, and promiſe a Reward to any one that can give an Account of him—well, but,—why ſhould I throw away my Money after him?—why, as I don't ſay what Reward, I may give what I pleaſe when they come—ay, but if the Villain ſhould deceive me, and happen to be dead,—why then he tricks me out of two Shillings—my Money's flung into the Fire—Zookers, I'll not put myſelf in a Paſſion—let him follow his Noſe—it's nothing at all to me—what care I?———What do you come back for, Friend?

Re-enter

Re-enter Simon.

Simon. As I was going out, Sir, the Poſt came to the Door, and brought this Letter.

Wingate. Let me ſee it—The Gypſies have got hold of him! ha! ha! what a pretty Fellow you are! ha! ha! why don't you ſtep where I bid you, Sirrah!

Simon. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Wingate. Well, well,—I'm reſolv'd, and it ſhall be ſo—I'll advertiſe him To-morrow Morning, and promiſe if he comes home, all ſhall be forgiven.—And when the Blockhead comes, I may do as I pleaſe—ha! ha! I may do as I pleaſe!—Let me ſee:—He had on—a Silver-loop'd Hat:—I never liked thoſe vile Silver Loops:—A Silver-loop'd Hat:—and—and—Slidikins, what ſignifies what he had on?—I'll read my Letter, and think no more about him.—Hey! what a Plague have we here? [*mutters to himſelf*] *Briſtol*—a—what's all this?—

"*Eſteemed Friend,*

"Laſt was *zoth ultimo*, ſince none of thine, which "will occaſion Brevity. The Reaſon of my writing to "thee at preſent, is to inform thee that thy Son came "to our Place with a Company of Strollers, who were "taken up by the Magiſtrate, and committed as Vaga-"bonds, to Jail.

Zookers! I'm glad of it—a Villain of a Fellow!—Let him lie there———

"I am ſorry thy Lad ſhould follow ſuch profane Cour-"ſes; but out of the Eſteem I bear unto thee, I have "taken the Boy out of Confinement, and ſent him off "for your City in the Waggon, which left this four "Days ago. He is conſigned to thy Addreſs, being "the needful from thy Friend and Servant,

"*Ebeeneezor Broadbrim.*"

Wounds! what did he take the Fellow out for?—a Scoundrel Raſcal!—turn'd Stage Player—I'll never ſee the Villain's Face.—Who comes there?———

Enter Simon.

Simon. I met my Maſter on the Way, Sir;—our Affairs are over:—Here he is, Sir.———

Wingate. Let him come in—and do you go down Stairs, you Blockhead———

Enter

Enter Gargle.

Wingate. So, Friend *Gargle*,—Here's a fine Piece of Work—*Dick*'s turned Vagabond!——

Gargle. He muſt be put under a proper Regimen directly, Sir.—He arriv'd at my Houſe within theſe ten Minutes, but in ſuch a Trim!—He's now below Stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had prepared you for his Reception.

Wingate. Death and Fire! what could put it into the Villain's Head to turn Buffoon?

Gargle. Nothing ſo eaſily accounted for:—Why, when he ought to be reading the Diſpenſatory, there was he conſtantly poring over Plays, and Farces, and *Shakeſpear!*——

Wingate. Ay, that damned *Shakeſpear!*—I hear the Fellow was nothing but a Deerſtealer in *Warwickſhire*:—Zookers! if they had hanged him out of the Way, he would not now be the Ruin of honeſt Men's Children.—But what Right had he to read *Shakeſpear?*—I never read *Shakeſpear!*—Wounds! I caught the Raſcal, myſelf, reading that nonſenſical Play of *Hamlet*, where the Prince is keeping Company with Strollers and Vagabonds; A fine Example, Mr. *Gargle!*—

Gargle. His Diſorder is of the malignant Kind, and my Daughter has taken the Infection from him—bleſs my Heart!—She was as innocent as Water-gruel, till he ſpoilt her:—I found her, the other Night in the very Fact.

Wingate. Zookers! you don't ſay ſo!—caught her in the Fact.

Gargle. Ay, in the very Fact of reading a Play-book in Bed.

Wingate. O, is that the Fact you mean?—is that all?—tho' that's bad enough.——

Gargle. But I have done for my young Madam:—I have confined her to her Room, and locked up all her Books.

Wingate. Look ye, Friend *Gargle*, I'll never ſee the Villain's Face:—Let him follow his Noſe and bite the Bridle.——

Gargle. Lenitives, Mr. *Wingate*—Lenitives are properſt at preſent:—His Habit requires gentle Alterative

ſives:—but leave him to my Management;—about twenty Ounces of Blood, with a Cephalic Tincture,—and he may do very well.

Wingate. Where is the Scoundrel?

Gargle. Dear Sir, moderate your Anger and don't uſe ſuch harſh Language.

Wingate. Harſh Language!—Why do you think Man, I'd call him a Scoundrel, if I had not a Regard for him?—You don't hear me call a Stranger a Scoundrel.

Gargle. Dear Sir, he may ſtill do very well, the Boy has very good Sentiments.

Wingate. Sentiment!—a Fig for Sentiment! let him get Money, and never miſs an Opportunity—I never miſſed an Opportunity; got up at Five in the Morning,—ſtruck a Light,—made my own Fire—worked my Finger's Ends—and this Vagabond of a Fellow is going his own Way—with all my Heart—what care I?—let him follow his Noſe,—let him follow his Noſe—a ridiculous—

Gargle. Ay, ridiculous indeed, Sir—Why for a long Time paſt, he could not converſe in the Language of common Senſe.——Aſk him but a trivial Queſtion, and he'd give ſome cramp Anſwer out of ſome of his Plays that had been running in his Head, and ſo there's no underſtanding a Word he ſays——

Wingate. Zookers! this comes of his keeping Company with Wits, and be damn'd to them for Wits—ha! ha!—Wits! a fine Thing indeed—ha! ha! it's the moſt beggarly, raſcally,—contemptible Thing on Earth.——

Gargle. And then, Sir, I have found out that he went three Times a Week to a Spouting-Club.

Wingate. A Spouting-Club, Friend *Gargle*!—what's a Spouting-Club?

Gargle. A meeting of 'Prentices and Clerks and giddy young Men, intoxicated with Plays; and ſo they meet in Publick Houſes to act Speeches; there they all neglect Buſineſs, deſpiſe the Advice of their Friends, and think of nothing but to become Actors.——

Wingate. You don't ſay ſo!——a Spouting-Club!—wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gargle. Ay, mad indeed, Sir:—madneſs is occaſioned in a very extraordinary Manner,—the Spirits flowing in particular Channels.——

Wingate.

Wingate. 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourſelf as any of them.——

Gargle. And continuing to run in the ſame Ducts.—

Wingate. *Ducts!* Damn your *Ducts!*—Who's below there?

Gargle. The Texture of the Brain becomes diſorder'd, and [Wingate *walks about uneaſily and* Gargle *follows*] thus by the Preſſure on the Nerves, the Head is diſturbed, and ſo your Son's Malady is contracted.

Wingate. Who's without there?—Don't plague me ſo, Man.

Gargle. But I ſhall alter the morbid State of the Juices, correct his Blood, and produce laudable Chyle.—

Wingate. Zookers, Friend *Gargle*, don't teaze me ſo—Don't plague me with your phyſical Nonſenſe.——Who's below there?—Tell that Fellow to come up.—

Gargle. Dear Sir, be a little cool—Inflammatories may be dangerous—Do, pray Sir, moderate your Paſſions.—

Wingate. Prithee, be quiet, Man—I'll try what I can do—Here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Now, my good Father, what's the Matter? *

Wingate. So Friend,—you have been upon your Travels, have you?—You have had your Frolick?—Look-ye, young Man,—I'll not put myſelf in a Paſſion:——But, Death and Fire, you Scoundrel,—what Right have you to plague me in this Manner?—do you think I muſt fall in Love with your Face, becauſe I am your Father?

Dick. A little more than Kin, and leſs than Kind.—

Wingate. Ha! ha!—what a pretty Figure you cut now?—ha! ha!—why don't you ſpeak, you Block-head?—have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf?——

Dick. Nothing to ſay for yourſelf?——what an old Prig it is?

Wingate. Mind me, Friend—I have found you out—I ſee you'll never come to Good—Turn Stage-Player! Wounds! you'll not have an Eye in your Head in a Month—ha! ha!—you'll have 'em knocked out of the Sockets with withered Apples—remember I tell you ſo.

Dick. A Critick too! [*whiſtles*] Well done old Square-toes.——

Wingate

* *Hamlet.*

Wingate. Look-ye, young Man—take Notice of what I ſay:—I made my own Fortune, and I could do the ſame again. Wounds!—if I were placed at the Bottom of *Chancery-Lane*, with a Bruſh and Black-ball.——I'd make my own Fortune again—you read *Shakeſpear!*—Get *Cocker's Arithmetic*—you may buy it for a Shilling on any Stall—beſt Book that ever was wrote.——

Dick. Pretty well, that;—Ingenious, Faith!—Egad the old Fellow has a pretty Notion of Letters.

Wingate. Can you tell how much is *five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound?*—Five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound—Ay, ay, I ſee you are a Block-head:—Look-ye, young Man,—if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, ſtudy Figures and make yourſelf uſeful——make yourſelf uſeful.

Dick. *How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable ſeem to me all the Uſes of this World!——

Wingate. Mind the Scoundrel now.——

Gargle. Do, Mr. *Wingate*, let me ſpeak to him——ſoftly, ſoftly—I'll touch him gently:—Come, come, young Man, lay aſide this ſulky Humour, and ſpeak as becomes a Son.

Dick. *O *Jeptha*, Judge of *Iſrael*, what a Treaſure hadſt thou?——

Wingate. What does the Fellow ſay?

Gargle. He relents, Sir,—Come, come, young Man, he'll forgive.——

Dick. *They fool me to the Top of my Bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em,—a truant Diſpoſition, good my Lord:—No, no, ſtay, that's not right—I have a better Speech—" ‡ It is as you ſay—when we are " ſober, and reflect but ever ſo little on our Follies, we " are aſhamed and ſorry; and yet the very next Minute, " we ruſh again into the very ſame Abſurdities."——

Wingate. Well ſaid Lad, well ſaid—mind me Friend: Commanding our own Paſſions, and artfully taking Advantage of other People's, is the ſure Road to Wealth:—Death and Fire!—but I won't put myſelf in a Paſſion:—It's my regard for you makes me ſpeak; and if I tell you you're a Scoundrel, it's for your Good.

Dick. Without Doubt, Sir. *[ſtifling a Laugh.*

* *Hamlet.* ‡ *Suſpicious Huſband.*

Wingate. If you want any Thing, you ſhall be provided:—have you any Money in your Pocket?—ha! ha! what a ridiculous Numbſkul you are now?—ha! ha!—Come, here's ſome Money for you?—[*Pulls out his Money and looks at it*]—I'll give it to you another Time, and ſo you'll mind what I ſay to you and make yourſelf uſeful for the future.———

Dick. *Elſe, wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land!

Wingate Zookers! you Blockhead, you'd better ſtick to your Buſineſs, than turn Buffoon, and get Truncheons broke upon your Arm, and be tumbling upon Carpets———

Dick. ‡ I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Sir.———

Wingate. Very well, Friend,—very well ſaid—you may do very well if you pleaſe; and ſo I'll ſay no more to you, but make yourſelf uſeful, and ſo now go and clean yourſelf, and make ready to go Home to your Buſineſs—and mind me young Man—let me ſee no more Play-books, and let me never find that you wear a lac'd Waiſtcoat—you Scoundrel, what right have you to wear a lac'd Waiſtcoat?—I never wore a lac'd Waiſtcoat!—never wore one till I was Forty—But I'll not put myſelf in a Paſſion—go and change your Dreſs, Friend.

Dick. I ſhall, Sir———

‡ I muſt be cruel, only to be kind,
Thus bad begins, but worſe remains behind.

Cocker's Arithmetic, Sir?

Wingate. Ay, *Cocker*'s Arithmetic——ſtudy Figures, and they'll carry you thro' the World.——

Dick. Yes, Sir, *(ſtifling a Laugh) Cocker*'s Arithmetic! [*Exit.*

Wingate *and* Gargle.

Wingate. Let him mind me, Friend *Gargle*, and I'll make a Man of him.

Gargle. Ay, Sir, you know the World.—The young Man will do very well——I wiſh he were out of his Time, he ſhall then have my Daughter——

Wingate. Yes, but I'll touch the Caſh—he ſhan't finger it, during my Life.—I muſt keep a tight Hand over him—[*Goes to the Door.*]—Do ye hear, Friend! Mind what I ſay, and go home to your Buſineſs immediately—Friend *Gargle*, I'll make a Man of him.——

* *Richard III.* ‡ *Hamlet.* *Enter*

Enter Dick.

Dick. *Who call'd on *Achmet*?—Did not *Barbaroſſa* require me here?

Wingate. What's the matter now?—*Baroſſa!*—— wounds!—what's *Baroſſa*?—does the Fellow call me Names?—what makes the Blockhead ſtand in ſuch Confuſion?

Dick. That *Barbaroſſa* ſhould ſuſpect my Truth!—

Wingate. The Fellow's ſtark ſtaring mad—get out of the Room you Villain, get out of the Room.

[Dick *ſtands in a ſullen Mood.*

Gargle. Come, come, young Man, every Thing is eaſy, don't ſpoil all again—go and change your Dreſs, and come Home to your Buſineſs—nay, nay, be ruled by me. [*Thruſts him off.*

Wingate. I'm very peremptory, Friend *Gargle*; if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to ſay to him—well, but, now I think of it—I have *Cocker*'s Arithmetic below Stairs in the Counting Houſe—I'll ſtep and get it for him, and ſo he ſhall take it home with him—Friend *Gargle* your Servant.

Gargle. Mr. *Wingate* a good Evening to you—you'll ſend him Home to his Buſineſs— [*Exit.*

Wingate. He ſhall follow you Home directly. Five Eighths of Three Sixteenths of a Pound!—multiply the Numerator by the Denominator; five Times Sixteen is ten Times Eight, ten times Eight is Eighty, and—a--a--carry one. [*Exit.*

Enter Dick *and* Simon.

Simon Lord love ye, Maſter—I'm ſo g'ad you're come back—come, we had as good e'en gang Home to my Maſter *Gargle*'s——

Dick. No, no, *Simon*, ſtay a Moment—this is but a ſcurvy Coat I have on—and I know my Father has always ſome Jemmy Thing lock'd up in his Cloſet——I know his Ways—He takes 'em in Pawn, for he'll never part with a Shilling without Security.

Simon. Huſh! he'll hear us—ſtay, I believe he's coming up Stairs.

Dick. [*Goes to the Door and liſtens.*] No, no,—no, he's going down growling and grumbling—ay,—ſay ye

* *Barbaroſſa.*

ſo "Scoundrel, Raſcal—Let him bite the Bridle"—"Six Times Twelve is Seventy-two"—all's ſafe Man, never fear him.—Do you ſtand here—I ſhall diſpatch this Buſineſs in a Crack.———

Simon. Bleſſings on him? what is he about now?—why the Door is locked, Maſter.———

Dick. Ay, but I can eaſily force the Lock—you ſhall ſee me do it as well as any Sir *John Brute* of 'em all—this right Leg here is the beſt Lockſmith in *England*—ſo, ſo,—*(forces the Door and goes in.)*

Simon. He's at his Plays again—Odds my Heart, he's a rare Hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer muſt not ſmoke that I have any Concern—I muſt be main cautious—Lord bleſs his Heart, he's to teach me to act *Scrub*.—He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jeſuit before a went out of Town:—"* Scrub—Coming, Sir—Lord, Ma'am, I've a whole "Packet full of News—ſome ſay one Thing and ſome "ſay another; but, for my Part, Ma'am—I believe "he's a Jeſuit"—that's main pleaſant—"*I believe he's "a Jeſuit.*"

Re-enter Dick.

Dick. † I have done the Deed—Didſt thou not hear a Noiſe?

Simon. No maſter; we're all ſnug———

Dick. This Coat will do charmingly—I have bilked the old Fellow nicely—‡ In a dark Corner of his Cabinet, I found this Paper; what it is the Light will ſhew,

I promiſe to pay—ha!———

I promiſe to pay to Mr *Moneytrap*, or Order, on Demand—*'tis his Hand—a Note of his—yet more*—The Sum of ſeven Pounds fourteen Shillings and Seven-pence, Value received, by me

London this 15th *June*, 1755—'Tis wanting what ſhould follow—*his* Name ſhould follow—but 'tis torn off—becauſe the Note is paid.———

Simon. O Lud! Dear Sir, you'll ſpoil all—I wiſh we were well out of the Houſe—Our beſt Way, Maſter, is to make off directly.——

Dick. I will, I will; but firſt help me on with this Coat

* *Stratagem.* † *Macbeth.* ‡ *Mourning Bride.*

Coat—*Simon*, you ſhall be my Dreſſer—you'll be fine and happy behind the Scenes.———

Simon. O Lud! it will be main pleaſant—I have been behind the Scenes in the Country, when I liv'd with the Man that ſhew'd wild Beaſticies.——

Dick. Hark-ye, *Simon*;——when I am playing ſome deep Tragedy, and † cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech, you muſt ſtand between the Scenes, and cry bitterly. [*Teaches him.*

Simon. Yes, Sir.

Dick. And when I'm playing Comedy, you muſt be ready to laugh your Guts out [*Teaches him*] for I ſhall be very pleaſant—Tolderoll—[*Dances.*]

Simon. Never doubt me, Sir.———

Dick. Very well; now run down and open the Street-Door; I'll follow you in a Crack.

Simon. I am gone to ſerve you, Maſter———

Dick. § To ſerve thyſelf—for look ye, *Simon*, when I am Manager, claim thou of me the Care o'th' Wardrobe, with all thoſe Moveables, whereof the ‡ Property-Man now ſtands poſſeſt.———

Simon O Lud! this is charming—Huſh! I am gone. [*Going.*

Dick. Well, but hark-ye, *Simon*, come hither—— * what Money have you about you Maſter *Matthew?*

Simon. But a Teſter, Sir.

Dick. A Teſter!—That's ſomething of the leaſt, Maſter *Matthew*,—let's ſee it.

Simon. You have had fifteen Sixpences now———.

Dick. Never mind that—I'll pay you all at my Benefit———

Simon. I don't doubt that, Maſter—but mum. [*Exit.*

Dick *ſolus.*

‖ Thus far we run before the Wind—An Apothecary!—make an Apothecary of me!—¶ what! cramp my

 genius

† *Hamlet.* § *Richard III.*

‡ *The Property-Man, In the Play-Houſe Phraſe, is the Perſon who gives Truncheons, Daggers, &c. to the Actors as Occaſion requires.*

* *Every Man in his Humour.*

‖ *Richard III.* ¶ *Romeo and Juliet.*

genius over a Peſtle and Mortar, or mew me up in a Shop, with an Alligator ſtuft, and a beggarly Account of empty Boxes!—to be culling Simples, and conſtantly adding to the Bills of Mortality—No! no! It will be much better to be paſted up in Capitals, *The Part of* Romeo *by a young Gentleman who never appeared on any Stage before!* My ambition fires at the Thought—But hold, may'nt I run ſome Chance of failing in my Attempt—Hiſſed,—Pelted,—laughed at,—not admitted into the Green-Room—that will never do——* Down buſy Devil, down, down.——Try it again.—Loved by the Women, envied by the Men, applauded by the Pit, clapped by the Gallery, admired by the Boxes. "Dear "Colonel, is not he a charming Creature?" "My Lord, "don't you like him of all Things"—"Makes Love "like an Angel"—"What an Eye he has?"—"fine "Legs!"—"I'll certainly go to his Benefit."—Celeſtial Sounds!—And then I'll get in with all the Painters, and have myſelf put up in every Print-Shop—in the Character of *Macbeth!* "This is a ſorry ſight." [*ſtands an Attitude.*] In the Character of *Richard* (*Give me another Horſe, bind up my Wounds.*)—this will do rarely—and then I have a Chance of getting well married—O glorious Thought!—† By Heaven I will enjoy it, though but in Fancy—But what's o'Clock?—it muſt be almoſt nine. I'll away at once, this is Club-night.——'Egad I'll go to 'em for a while—the Spouters are all met—little they think I'm in Town—they'll be ſurpriz'd to ſee me——Off I go, and then for my Aſſignation with my Maſter *Gargle*'s Daughter——Poor *Charlotte!*——ſhe's lock'd up, but I ſhall find Means to ſettle Matters for her Eſcape—She's a pretty Theatrical Genius—If ſhe flies to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, it will be ſo rare an Adventure, and ſo Dramatic an Incident;—

§ Limbs do your Office, and ſupport me well;
Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can.

ACT.

* *Venice Preſerv'd.* † *Tamerlane.* § *The Orphan.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ene diſcovers the Spouting-Club, the Members ſeated and roaring out Bravo, *while one ſtands at a Diſtance repeating.*

1ſt. Member. CURS'D be your Senate, curs'd your Conſtitution.
The Curſe of growing Factions, and Diviſions
Still vex your Councils. *———

2d Memb. Don't you think this Action a little confin'd?

1ſt. Memb. Pſha! you Blockhead, don't you know hat I'm in Chains?

2d. Memb. Blockhead ſay ye?—was not I the firſt that ook compaſſion on you, when you lay like a ſneaking ellow under the Counter, and ſwept your Maſter's hop in the Morning; when you read nothing but the *oung Man's Pocket Companion*, or the *True Clerks Vade Mecum*, did not I put *Chrononhotenthologos* in your Hand?

All. Bravo! Bravo!———

Preſident. Come, Gentlemen, let us have no Diſputes. Conſider Gentlemen, this is the Honourable Society of Spouters, and ſo to put an end to all Animoſities, read he ſeventh Rule of this Society.

A Member reads.

" *That Buſineſs or want of Money ſhall not be received as an Excuſe for Non-Attendance, nor the Anger of Parents or other Relations, nor the Complaints of our Maſters be ever heard; by which Means this Society will be able to boaſt its own Mimic Heroes, and be a Nurſery of young* Actorlings *for the Stage, in ſpight of the Mechanic Genius of our Friends.*"

Preſident. That is not the Rule I mean;—but come, we'll fill a Meaſure the Table round—now good Diſeſtion wait on Appetite, and Health on both.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza.

Preſident. Come Gentlemen, let us have no Quarrels.

All. Huzza, huzza———

Scotchm. Come now I'll gee you a touch of *Mockbeeth*.

1ſt. Memb. That will be rare, come let's have it—

Scotchman.

* *Venice preſerv'd.* ‡ *Mackbeth.*

Scotchman. What do'ſt lier at Mon?—I have had muckle Applauſe at *Edinburgh*, when I enacted in the *Reegiceede*,—and I now intend to do *Mockbeeth*—I ſee the *Degger* Yeſterneet, and I thought I ſhould ha' killed every one that came in my Way———

Iriſhman. Stand out of the Way lads, and you'll ſee me give a touch of *Othello* my Dear—*(takes the Cork and burns it and blacks his Face)* The Devil burn the Cork—it would not do it faſt enough.

1ſt. Memb. Here here, I'll lend you a helping Hand. *(Blacks him.)*

(Knocking at the Door.)

2d. Memb. * Open Locks, whoever Knocks.———

Enter Dick.

Dick. * How now ye ſecret, Black, and Midnight Hags?—what is't ye do?

All. Ha! the Genius come to Town—Huzza! huzza!—the Genius—

Dick. How fare the honeſt Partners of my Heart?—*Jack Hopeleſs*, give us your Hand—*Guilderſten* yours—Ha! *Roſencroſs*—Gentlemen I rejoice to ſee ye—But come, the News, the News of the Town!—has any thing been Damn'd?—any new Performers this Winter?—How often has *Romeo* and *Juliet* been acted?—come my Bucks inform me, I want News———

1ſt. Memb. You ſhall know all in good Time—but prithee my dear Boy how was it?—you play'd at *Briſtol*, let's hear.———

2d. Memb. Ay, let's have it dear *Dick*.———

Dick. Look ye there now—‡ let's have it dear Boy, and dear *Dick*.———

1ſt. Memb. Nay, nay, but how was you receiv'd?

Dick. Romeo was my Part—I touch'd their Souls for 'em,—every pale Face from the Wells was there, and ſo on I went—but rot 'em,—never mind them—§ what Bloody Scene has *Roſcius* now to act?———

1ſt. Memb. Several Things—but Genius, why did you come to us ſo late?—Why did you not come in the beginning of the Night?

Dick. Why, I intended it; But who ſhould I meet in my Way but my Friend *Catcall*, a deviliſh good Critic;

* *Macbeth.* ‡ *Suſpicious Huſband.* § *Richard III.*

ic;—and ſo he and I went together and had our Pipes, to * cloſe the Orifice of the Stomach you know,—and what do you think I learn'd of him?

1ſt. Memb. I can't ſay.

Dick. Can you tell, now, whether the Emphaſis ſhould be laid upon the *Epitaph* §, or the *Subſtantive*?

1ſt. Memb. Why, no.——

Dick. Ever, while you live, lay your Emphaſis upon the *Epitaph*.——

Iriſhman. Arrah, my Dear, but what is the ſame Epitaph now?

Dick. ‡ Arrah, my dear Couſin *Mackſhane*, won't you put a Remembrance upon me?——

Iriſhman. Ow! but it is mocking you are?—Look-ye, my Dear, if ſhou'd be taking me off——Don't you call it taking off?—By my Shoul I'd be making you take yourſelf off.—What? if you're for being Obſtropolous, I would not matter you three Skips of a Flea.——

Dick. Nay, prithee, no Offence—I hope we ſhall be Brother-players.

Iriſhman. Ow! then we'd be very good Friends; for you know two of a Trade can never agree, my Dear.

Scotchman. Locke is certainly right in his Chapter about innate Ideas; for this Mon is born without any at all—and the other Mon yonder, I doot, is no great Heed-Piece.——

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Iriſhman. Othello, my Dear, let me alone; you'll ſee how I'll *bodder* 'em—Tho' by my Shoul, myſelf does not know but I'd be frightned when every Thing is in a *Hub-bub*, and nothing to be heard, but "*Throw him* "*over*"—"*over with him*"—"*off, off, off the Stage*"—"*Muſick*"—"*won't y' ha' ſome Orange chips*"—*won't* "*y' ha' ſome Nonpariells.*"—Ow!—but may be the dear Craturs in the Boxes will be *lucking* at my Legs—Ow! to be ſure—the Devil burn the *Luck* they'll give 'm.—

Dick. I ſhall certainly laugh in the Fellow's Face.—

Iriſhman. Ow! never mind it——let me alone, my Dear—may be I'd ſee a little round Face from *Dublin* in the Pit, may-be I wou'd; but then, won't I be the firſt

* *Every Man in his Humour.*

§ *By Miſtake for the Epithet.* ‡ *Stratagem.*

firſt Gentleman of my Name that turn'd Stage Player —my Couſins would rather ſee me ſtarve like a Gentleman with Honour and Reputation——Myſelf does be aſham'd when I think of it.——

Scotchman. Stay 'till you hear me give a Specimen of Elocution.

Dick. What, with that Impediment, Sir?

Scotchman. Impeediment! what Impeediment? I do no leeſp—do I? I do no ſqueent—I am well leem'd am I not?——

Iriſhman. By my Shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myſelf as any of them, and ſhall make a Figure in genteel and top Comedy.——

Scotchman. I'll give you a Specimen of *Mockbeeth*—

Iriſhman. Make Haſte, then, and I'll begin *Othello*—

Scotchman.—Is this a Dagger that I ſee before me? *&c.*

Iriſhman. [*collaring him*] Villain, be ſure you prove my love a Whore, *&c.*

[*Another Member comes forward with his Face powdered, and a Pipe in his Hand.*]

—I am thy Father's Spirit, *Hamlet*——

Dick. Po! Prithee! you're not fat enough for a Ghoſt.——

Memb. I intend to make my firſt Appearance in it for all that, only I'm puzzled about one Thing—I want to know, when I come on firſt, whether I ſhould make a Bow to the Audience?

Another Member. Now, Gentlemen, for the true Way of Dying—[*ſpreads a Blanket*]—now for a little Phrenzy—[*Repeats a dying Speech, and rolls himſelf up in a Blanket*]

[*Watch behind the Scenes; Paſt Five o'Clock, cloudy Morning.*]

Dick. Hey! paſt Five o'Clock—'Sdeath, I ſhall miſs my Appointment with *Charlotte*—I have ſtaid too long, and ſhall loſe my Proſelyte ‡—Come, let us adjourn—

All. Ay, let us ſally forth.

Iriſhman. With all my Heart; tho' I ſhould have bodder'd 'em finely if they had ſtaid.

Scotchman. I ſhould have ſheen'd in *Mockbeeth*—but never meend it—I'll go now to my Freend the Bookſeller,

‡ *Venice Preſerv'd.*

, and translate *Cornelius Tacitus*, or *Grotius de Jure elli*,—and ſo, Gentlemen, your Servant——

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Dick * We'll ſcour the Watch—Confuſion to Mo-lity—I wiſh the Conſtable were married—Huzza, Huzza——

Iriſhman. By my Shoul, myſelf did not care if I had Wife, with a good Fortune, to be hindering me from oing on—But no matter—I may meet with a willing Cratur ſomewhere—— [*Exit ſinging.*

All. Huzza, Huzza!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter a Watchman.

Paſt five o'Clock, cloudy Morning. Mercy on us—ll mad I believe in this Houſe—They're at this Trade hree Nights in the Week, I think—Paſt five o'Clock, loudy Morning.

All. Huzza, *(without)*

Watchman. What in the Name of Wonder are they ll at?

Hurra, Hurra, (without.) Enter the Spouters.

Dick. † Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!

1ſt. Memb. ‡ By Heavens I'll tear you Joint by Joint, nd ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with your Limbs.

Dick. § Avant, and quit my Sight—thy Bones are marrowleſs—There's no Speculation in thoſe Eyes, hat thou doſt glare withal.

Watchman. Prithee, don't diſturb the Peace——

A Member. ¶ Be ſure you write him down an Aſs.

Dick. § Be alive again, and dare me to the Deſart with thy Pole,—take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves ſhall never tremble.—

Watchman. Soho! Soho!

Enter Watchmen from all Parts, ſome drunk, ſome coughing, &c.

2d. Watchman. What's the Matter there?——

1ſt. Watchman. Here are the Diſturbers of the Peace —I charge 'em all——

Dick. ‖ Unmanner'd Slave, advance your Halbert igher than my Breaſt, or by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee down,

* *Sir John Brute.* † *Ham'et.* ‡ *Romeo.*
Mackbeth. ¶ *Much ado about Nothing.* ‖ *Richar.l.*

down, and ſpurn thee, Beggar, for this Inſolence—

[*They fight*, Dick *is knock'd down.* Exeunt *Watchm fighting the reſt.*]

Dick. * I have it; it will do;—'Egad I'll make r Eſcape now——O I am Fortune's Fool—— [*Ex*

Re-enter Watchmen, &c.

Watchman. Come, bring 'em along——

1ſt. Memb. † Good Ruffians hold a while——

2d. Memb. ‡ I am unfortunate, but not aſham'd being ſo.

Watchman. Come, come, bring 'em along. [*Exeu*

SCENE, *another Street.*

Enter Dick, *with a Lanthorn and a Ladder.*

All's quiet here; the Coaſt's clear——now for h Adventure with *Charlotte*——this Ladder will do rare for the Buſineſs—tho', it would be better, if it were Ladder of Ropes——but hold; have not I ſeen ſom thing like this on the Stage? yes I have in ſome of t Entertainments——Ay, * I remember an Apotheca and hereabout he dwells—this is my Maſter *Gargle*'s; being dark the Beggar's Shop is ſhut—what ho! Ap thecary——but ſoft——what light breaks thro' yond Window——it is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun, ar fair Sun, *&c.*

Charlotte. Who's there? my *Romeo?*

Dick. The ſame my Love, if it not thee diſpleaſe

Charlotte. Huſh! not ſo loud, you'll waken my F ther.——

Dick. Alas! there's more Peril in thy Eye *

Charlotte. Nay; but prithee now——I tell y you'll ſpoil all——what made you ſtay ſo long?

Dick. ¶ Chide not my Fair, but let the God of Lo laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart——

Charlotte. As I am a living Soul, you'll ruin eve thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you— [*Goi*

Dick. No, no, not ſo faſt——*Charlotte*—let us the Garden Scene firſt.——

Charlotte. A Fiddleſtick for the Garden Scene——

Dick. Nay, then I'll act *Ranger*——up I go, N or nothing.

Charlotte. Dear Heart, you're enough to frighte body out of one's Wits—Don't come up—I tell y th

* *Romeo.* † *Revenge.* ‡ *Oroonoko.* ¶ *Fair Penit*

here is no occaſion for the Ladder—I've ſettled every thing with *Simon*, and he's to let me thro' the Shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give a Farthing for it without the Ladder, and ſo, up I go.—

Enter Simon *at the Door.*

Simon. Sir, Sir, Madam, Madam———

Dick. Prithee be quiet *Simon*——I am aſcending the high Top Gallant of my Joy———

Simon. An't pleaſe you Maſter, my young Miſtreſs may come thro' the Shop—I'm going to ſweep it out, and ſhe may eſcape that Way faſt enow———

Char. That will do purely--and ſo do you ſtay where you are, and prepare to receive me— [*Exit from above.*

Dick. No, no, but that won't take—you ſhan't hinder me from going thro' my Part *(goes up)* *a Woman by all that's lucky--neither old nor crooked--in I go *(goes in)* and for Fear of the Purſuit of the Family, I'll make ſure of the Ladder.

Simon. Hiſt! hiſt! Maſter—leave that there to ſave me from being ſuſpected———

Dick. With all my Heart *Simon*——[*Exit from above.*

Simon alone. Lord love him, how Comical he is!—it will be fine for me, when we're playing the Fool together, to call him Brother *Martin* "† Brother *Martin.*"

Enter Charlotte.

Charlotte. O Lud! I'm frighted out of my Wits, where is he?

Simon. He's a coming, Ma'am—*(calls to him)* "Brother *Martin.*"

Enter Dick.

Dick. *Cuckold him, Ma'am, by all means--I'm your Man.

Charlotte. Well now, I proteſt and vow, I wonder how you can ſerve a Body ſo—feel with what a pit-a-pat Action my Heart beats——

Dick. ‡ 'Tis an alarm to Love—quick let me ſnatch thee to thy *Romeo*'s Arms, &c.

Watchman behind the Scenes. Paſt Six o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

Charlotte. Dear Heart, don't let us ſtand fooling here—as I live and breathe we ſhall be both taken—do, for Heaven's Sake let us make our Eſcape.

* *Suſpicious Huſband.* † *Stratagem.* ‡ *Old Batchelor*

Watch. Paſt Six o'Clock. a cloudy Morning ——

Charlotte. It comes nearer and nearer; let us make off.

Dick. Give us your Hand then—my pretty little Adventurer I attend you.

* Yes, my dear *Charlotte*, we will go together,
Together to the Theatre we will go,
There to their raviſh'd Eyes our Skill we'll ſhew,
And point new Beauties to the Pit below.

Simon. Heavens bleſs the Couple of 'em, but mum!

[*Exit, and ſhuts the Door after him.*

Enter Bailiff and his Follower.

Bailiff. That's he yonder, as ſure as you're alive—Ay, it is—and he has been about ſome Miſchief here.

Follower. No, no, that an't he—that one wears a laced Coat—tho' I can't ſay—as ſure as a Gun, it is he—

Bailiff. Ay, I ſmoked him at once—Do you run that Way and ſtop at the Bottom of *Catherine-ſtreet*; I'll go up *Drury-Lane*, and between us both, it will be odds if we miſs him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Paſt Six o'Clock and a cloudy Morning.—— Hey-day! what's here, a Ladder, at Maſter *Gargle*'s Window?——I muſt alarm the Family—Ho! Maſter *Gargle*—— [*Knocks at the Door.*

Gargle above. What's the Matter?—howcomes this Window to be open?—ha! a Ladder!—Who's below there?

Watch. I hope you an't robb'd, Maſter *Gargle?*—— As I was going my Rounds I found your Window open.

Gargle. I fear this is ſome of that young Dog's Tricks—Take away the Ladder; I muſt enquire into all this. [*Ex.*

Enter Simon, *like* Scrub.

Simon. ‡ Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Popery!—

Watch. What's the Matter with the Fellow?

Simon. Spare all I have, and take my Life——

Watch. Any Miſchief in the Houſe?

Simon. They broke in with Fire and Sword—they'll be here this Minute—Five and Forty—*this will do charmingly—"my young Maſter taught me this"* [*Aſide.*

Watch. What are there Thieves in the Houſe!——

Simon. With Sword and Piſtol, Sir,—Five and Forty.

Watch Nay then it's Time for me to go,—for mayhap I may come to ha' the worſt on't. [*Exit Watch.*

Enter

* *Diſtreſs'd Mother.* ‡ *Stratagem.*

Enter Gargle.

Gargle. Dear Heart! dear Heart!—ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone—my Daughter! my Daughter!—what's the Fellow in ſuch a Fright for?

Simon. Down on your Knees—down on your Marrowbones—(this will make him think I know nothing of the Matter—Bleſs his Heart for teaching me)—Down on your Marrowbones ———

Gargle. Get up, you Fool, Get up—Dear Heart, I'm all in a Fermentation.

Enter Wingate, *reading a News Paper.*

Wingate. "Wanted on good Security, Five Hundred "Pounds, for which lawful Intereſt will be given, and "a good Præmium allowed: Whoever this may ſuit, "Enquire for S. T. at the *Crown and Rolls in Chancery* "*Lane.*"—This may be worth looking after.—I'll have a good Præmium—If the Fellow's a Fool, I'll fix my Eye on him—Other People's Follies are an Eſtate to the Man that knows how to make himſelf uſeful—So, Friend *Gargle*,—you're up early, I ſee—nothing like riſing early—nothing to be got by lying in Bed, like a lubberly Fellow.—What's the Matter with you—ha! ha! you look like a—ha! ha!———

Gargle. O—no Wonder—my Daughter, my Daughter!

Wingate. Your Daughter!—what ſignifies a fooliſh Girl?———

Gargle. O dear Heart! dear Heart!——out of the Window.

Wingate. Fallen out of the Window!—well, ſhe was a Woman, and it's no matter—if ſhe's dead, ſhe's provided for—Here, I found the Book—could not meet with it laſt Night—Here it is—there's more Senſe in it, than in all their *Mackbeths* and their Trumpery (*reads*) *Cocker's* Arithmetick—look ye here now, Friend *Gargle*,—ſuppoſe you have the ſixteenth Part of a Ship, and I buy one fifth of you, what Share of the Ship do I buy?—

Gargle. Oh dear, Sir, it's a melancholy Caſe.——

Wingate. A melancholy Caſe indeed to be ſo ignorant—why ſhould not a Man know every thing? One Fifth of one Sixteenth, what Part have I of the whole? Let me ſee—I'll do it a ſhort Way.———

Gargle. Loſt beyond Redemption.———

Wingate. Zookers, be quiet Man, you put me out—

ſeven Times Seven is Forty nine, and ſix Times Twelve is Seventy two--and--and--and--a--Here, Friend *Gargle* take the Book and give it that Scoundrel of a Fellow—

Gargle. Lord, Sir,—He's returned to his Tricks.—

Wingate. Returned to his Tricks!—What,—broke looſe again?

Gargle. Ay, and carried off my Daughter with him.—

Wingate. Carried off your Daughter—How did the Raſcal contrive that?

Gargle. Oh, dear Sir,——the Watch alarmed us a while ago, and I found a Ladder at the Window—ſo I ſuppoſe my young Madam made her eſcape that Way.—

Wingate. Wounds! what Buſineſs had the Fellow with your Daughter?

Gargle. I wiſh I had never taken him into my Houſe—He may debauch the poor Girl.——

Wingate. And ſuppoſe he does—ſhe's a Woman, an' ſhe?—Ha! ha! Friend *Gargle*, ha! ha!

Gargle. Dear Sir, how can you talk thus to a Man diſtracted?

Wingate. I'll never ſee the Fellow's Face.

Simon. Secrets! Secrets! *

Wingate. What are you in the Secret, Friend?

Simon. To be ſure, there be Secrets in all Families—but, for my Part I'll not ſpeak a Word *pro* or *con*, till there's a Peace.

Wingate. You won't ſpeak, Sirrah!—I'll make you ſpeak—Do you know nothing of this Numſkull?

Simon. Who, I Sir?—He came home laſt Night from your Houſe, and went out again directly.

Wingate. You ſaw him then.

Simon. Yes Sir.—ſaw him to be ſure, Sir—he made me open the Shop Door for him——he ſtop'd on the Threſhold, and pointed at one of the Clouds, and aſked me if it was not like an *Ouzel*? †

Wingate. Like an *Ouzel*?--wounds what's an *Ouzel*?

Gargle. And the young Dog came back in the dead of Night to ſteal away my Daughter.

Wingate. I'll tell you what Friend *Gargle*—I'll think no more of the Fellow—let him bite the Bridle—I'll go mind my Buſineſs, and not miſs an Opportunity.—

Gargle. Good now Mr. *Wingate*, don't leave me in this Affliction,--conſider when the Animal Spirits are proper employ

* *Stratagem.* † *Hamlet.*

employed, the whole Syſtem's exhilerated, a proper Circulation in the Smaller Ducts or Capillary Veſſels.

Wingate. Look ye there now—the Fellow's at his *Ducks* again, ha! ha!

Gargle. But when the Spirits are under Influence.

Wingate. Ha, ha! what a fine Fellow you are now? —you're as mad with you're Phyſical Nonſenſe, as my Son with his *Shakeſpear* and *Ben Thompſon.*

Gargle. Dear Sir, let us go in queſt of him—he ſhall be well Phlebotomized, and for the future I'll keep his Solids and Fluids in proper Ballance.

Wingate. Don't tell me of your Solids—I tell you he'll never be Solid—and ſo I'll go and mind my Buſineſs—let me ſee where is this Chap--*(reads)* ay, ay, at the Crown and Rolls—good Morning Friend *Gargle*—don't plague yourſelf about the Numſkul--ſtudy fractions Man: Vulgar Fractions will carry you thro' the World, Arithmetical Proportion is when the Antecedent and Conſequent--a--

Enter a Porter. [*going.*

Wingate. Who are you pray?—what do you want?

Porter. Is one Mr. *Gargle* here?

Gargle. Yes—who wants him?

Porter. Here's a Letter for you.

Gargle. Let me ſee it. O dear Heart!—*(reads)* *To Mr.* Gargle, *at the Peſtle and Mortar*—'Slidikins, this is a Letter from that unfortunate young Fellow.

Wingate. Let me ſee it *Gargle.*

Gargle. A Moment's Patience good Mr. *Wingate*, and this may unravel all—*(reads)*—Poor young Man!—his Brain is certainly turned--I can't make Head or Tale of it.

Wingate. Ha! ha!—you are a pretty Fellow—give it me Man—I'll make it out for you—'tis his Hand ſure enough *(reads)*

To Mr. Gargle, *&c.*

" *Moſt Potent Grave* * *and Reverend Doctor, my very* " *noble and approved good Maſter, that I have ta'en away* " *your Daughter it is moſt true, true I will marry her* ;†-- " *'tis true 'tis Pity, and Pity 'tis 'tis true*'—What in the name of Common Senſe is all this? " * *I have done your* " *Shop ſome Service, and you know it, no more of that*— " ‡ *yet I could wiſh, that at this Time, I had not been this* " *Thing.*"—What can the Fellow mean?—*For Time* ‡ " *may*

* *Othello.* † *Hamlet.* ‡ *Mourning Bride.*

" *may have yet one fated Hour to come, which using'd*
" *with Liberty may overtake occaſion paſt.*"—overtake occaſion paſt!—Time and Tide waits for no Man.——
" * *I expect Redreſs from thy noble Sorrows.—thine and*
" *my poor Countries ever.* R. Wingate."
Mad as a *March* Hare! I have done with him—let him ſtay till the Shoe pinches, a crack-brain'd Numſkull!

Porter. An't pleaſe ye Sir, I fancys the Gentleman is a little beſide himſelf—he took hold on me here by the Collar, and called me Villain † and bid me prove his Wife a Whore—Lord help him, I never ſee'd the Gentleman's Spouſe in my born Days before.

Gargle. Is ſhe with him now?

Porter. I believe ſo——There is a likely young Woman with him all in Tears.——

Gargle. My Daughter to be ſure——

Wingate. Let the Fellow go and be hang'd—Wounds! I would not go the Length of my Arm to ſave the Villain from the Gallows. Where was he, Friend, when he gave you this Letter?

Porter. I fancy, Maſter, the Gentleman's under Troubles—I brought it from a Spunging-Houſe.

Wingate. From a Spunging-Houſe!

Porter. Yes, Sir, in *Grays Inn Lane.*

Wingate. Let him lie there, let him lie there—I am glad of it.——

Gargle. Do my dear Sir, let us ſtep to him.

Wingate. No, not I, let him ſtay there—this it is to have a Genius——ha! ha!—a Genius! ha! ha! —a Genius is a fine Thing indeed! ha! ha! [*Exit*

Gargle. Poor Man! he has certainly a Fever on his Spirits—do you ſtep in with me honeſt Man, till I flip on my Coat. and then I'll go after this unfortunate Boy.

Porter. Yes, Sir, it's in *Grays-Inn-Lane.* [*Exeunt*

Scene a Spunging-Houſe, Dick *and* Bailiff *at a Table and* Charlotte *ſitting in a diſconſolate Manner by him.*

Bailiff. Here's my Service to you young Gentleman—Don't be uneaſy—the Debt is not much——why do you look ſo ſad?——

Dick. Becauſe § Captivity has robb'd me of a juſt and dear Diverſion.

Bailiff. Never look ſulky at me—I never uſe any Bod

* *Venice Preſerv'd.* † *Othello.* § *Mourning Bride.*

Body ill—Come, it has been many a good Man's Lot.—Here's my Service to you—but we've no Liquor—come, we'll have t'other Bowl.———

Dick. * I've now not fifty Ducats in the World—yet ſtill I am in Love and pleas'd with Ruin———

Bail. What do you ſay? you've fifty Shillings, I hope—

Dick. * Now thank Heaven! I'm not worth a Groat.

Bailiff. Then there's no Credit here, I can tell you that—you muſt get Bail, or go to *Newgate*—who do you think is to pay Houſe rent for you?——You ſee your Friends won't come near you—They've all anſwer'd in the old Cant—"*I've promiſed my Wife never to be Bail* "*for any Body*;"—or "*I've ſworn not to do it*"—or "*I'd* "*lend you the Money if I had it, but deſire to be excuſed* "*from bailing any Man.*"—The Porter you juſt now ſent will bring the ſame Anſwer, I warrant—Such Poverty-ſtruck Devils as you ſhan't ſtay in my Houſe—you ſhall go to *Quod*, I can tell you that—[*Knocking at the Door.* Coming, coming, I am coming——I ſhall lodge you in *Newgate*, I promiſe you before Night,——not worth a Groat!—you're a fine Fellow to ſtay in a Man's Houſe.—You ſhall go to *Quod*. [*Exit.*

Dick. Come, clear up, *Charlotte*, never mind this come, now—let us act the Priſon Scene in the Mourning Bride—

Charlotte. How can you think of acting Speeches, when we're in ſuch Diſtreſs?———

Dick. Nay, but my dear Angel———

Enter Wingate *and* Gargle.

Gargle. Huſh! Do, dear Sir, let us liſten to him—I dare ſay he repents.———

Wingate. Wounds!—what Cloaths are thoſe the Fellow has on?—Zookers, the Scoundrel has robbed me.—

Dick. Come, now we'll practice an Attitude—How many of 'em have you?———

Charlotte. Let me ſee—one—two—three—and then in the fourth Act, and then—O *Gemini* I have ten at leaſt.

Dick. That will do ſwimmingly—I've a round Dozen *myſelf*—Come now begin—you fancy me dead, and I think the ſame of you—now mind—[*They ſtand in Attitudes.*

Wingate. Only mind the Villain———

Dick. ¶ O thou ſoft fleeting Form of *Lindamira!*——

Charlotte. ¶ Illuſive Shade of my beloved Lord!

Dick.

* *Venice Preſerv'd.* ¶ *Romeo.*

Dick. † She lives, she ſpeaks and we ſhall ſtill be happy
—*Wingate.* You lye you Villain, you ſhan't be happy
[*Knocks him down*
—*Dick. (on the Ground.)* * Perdition catch your Arm
the Chance is thine———

Gargle So my young Madam—I've found you again.
Dick. † *Capulet* forbear; *Paris* let looſe your Hold—
She is my Wife—our Hearts are twined together.——

Wingate. Sirrah! Villain! I'll break every Bone in
your Body.——— [*Strikes.*

Dick. † Parents have flinty Hearts, no Tears can
move 'em: Children muſt be wretched.———

Wingate. Get off the Ground, you Villain; get off the
Ground.———

Dick. It's a Pity there are no Scene drawers to lift me.

Wingate. A Scoundrel to rob your Father; you Raſcal I've a mind to break your Head.

Dick. ‡ What, like this? [*Takes off his Wig, and ſhews two Patches on his Head.*]

Wingate. It's mighty well, young Man—Zookers! I
made my own Fortune; and I'll take a Boy out of the
Blue-Coat Hoſpital, and give him all I have.—Look-ye
here, Friend *Gargle*—You know I'm not a hard-hearted
Man—The Scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; ſo d'ye
ſee, I won't hang him,—I'll only tranſport the Fellow—
And ſo, Mr. *Catchpole*,—you may take him to *Newgate*.

Gargle. Well but, dear Sir, you know I always in-
tended to marry my Daughter into your Family; and
if you let the young Man be ruined, my Money muſt
all go into another Channel———

Wingate. How's that?—into another Channel!——
Muſt not loſe the handling of his Money—Why, I told
you, Friend *Gargle*, I'm not a hard-hearted Man.——

Gargle. Why no, Sir—but your Paſſions—However,
if you will but make the young Gentleman ſerve out the
laſt Year of his Apprentiſhip, you know I ſhall be giv-
ing over, and I may put him into all my Practice——

Wingate. Ha! ha!—Why—if the Blockhead would
but get as many Crabbed Phyſical Words from *Hyppocri-
tes* and *Allen*, as he has from his nonſenſical Trumpery
—ha! ha!—I don't doubt between you and I, but he
might paſs for a very good Phyſician.———

Dick

† *Romeo.* * *Richard III.* ‡ *Barbaroſſa.*

Dick, * And must I leave thee, *Juliet?*——

Charlotte. Nay, but, Prithee now have done with your Speeches—You ſee we are brought to the laſt Diſtreſs, and ſo you had better make it up.—[*Aſide to* Dick.

Dick. Why for your Sake, my Dear, I could almoſt find it in my Heart.——

Wingate. You'll ſettle your Money on your Daughter?

Gargle. You know it was always my Intention.——

Wingate. I muſt not let the Caſh ſlip thro' my Hands: [*Aſide.*] Look-ye here, young Man—I am the beſt natured Man in the World—How came this Debt, Friend?

Bailiff. The Gentleman gave his Note at *Briſtol*, I underſtands, where he boarded—'tis but twenty Pounds.—

Wingate. Twenty Pounds! Well, why don't you ſend to your Friend *Shakeſpear* now to bail you—ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *Shakeſpear* give Bail—ha! ha!—Mr. *Catchpole*, will you take bail of *Ben Thompſon*, and *Shakeſpear* and *Odyſſey Popes?*——

Bailiff No ſuch People have been here, Sir—are they Houſe-keepers?——

Dick. † You do not come to mock my Miſeries?——

Gargle. Huſh! young Man, you'll ſpoil all—Let me ſpeak to you—how is your Digeſtion?

Dick. § Throw Phyſic to the Dogs. I'll none of it—

Charlotte. Nay, but dear *Dick* for my Sake——

Wingate. What ſays he, *Gargle?*——

Gargle. He repents, Sir,—he'll reform.——

Wingate. That's right Lad—now you're right—and if you will but ſerve out your Time, my Friend *Gargle* here, will make a Man of you—Wounds! you'll have his Daughter and all his Money—And if I hear no more of your Trumpery, and you mind your Buſineſs, and ſtick to my little *Charlotte*, and make me a Grandfather in my old Days,—Egad, you ſhall have all mine too—that is when I'm dead.——

Dick. Charlotte,—that will do rarely, and we may go to the Play as often as we pleaſe.——

Charlotte. O *Gemini*, it will be the pureſt Thing in the World, and we'll ſee *Romeo* and *Juliet* every Time it is acted.——

Dick. Ay, and that will be a hundred Times in a Seaſon at leaſt.—Beſides, it will be like a Play, if I reform at

* *Romeo.* † *Mourning Bride.* § *Mackbeth.*

at the End—* Sir, free me ſo far in your moſt generous Thoughts, that I have ſhot my Arrow o'er the Houſe and hurt my Brother.——

Wingate. What do you ſay, Friend?——

Charlotte. Nay, but prithee do it in plain Engliſh——

Dick. Well, well, I will—He knows nothing of Metaphors—Sir, you ſhall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the Satisfaction in our Power.——

Wingate. Very well, that's right—you may do very well—Friend *Gargle*, I'm overjoy'd——

Gargle. Chearfulneſs, Sir, is the principal Ingredient in the Compoſition of Health.——

Wingate. Wounds! Man, let's hear no more of your Phyſic—here, young Man, put this Book in your Pocket, and let me ſee how ſoon you'll be Maſter of Vulgar Fractions—Mr. *Catchpole*, ſtep home with me, and I'll pay you the Money—you ſeem to be a notable Sort of a Fellow, Mr. *Catchpole*—could you nab a Man for me?

Catchpole—Faſt enough, Sir, when I've the Writ—

Wingate. Very well, come along—I lent a young Gentleman a Hundred Pounds,——a cool Hundred he call'd it,—ha! ha!—it did not ſtay to cool with him—I had a good Premium; but I ſhan't wait a Moment for that—come along young Man; what Right have you to twenty Pounds?——give you twenty Pounds!—I never was obliged to my Family for twenty Pounds—but I'll ſay no more——if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, make yourſelf uſeful is the *Golden Rule*.

Dick. My dear *Charlotte*, as you are to be my Reward, I will be a new Man.——

Charlotte. Well, now I ſhall ſee how much you love me.

Dick. It ſhall be my Study to deſerve you—and ſince we don't go on the Stage, it's ſome Comfort that the World's a Stage, and all the Men and Women merely Players.

Some play the upper, ſome the under Parts,
And moſt aſſume what's foreign to their Hearts:
Thus, Life is but a Tragi-comic Jeſt,
And all is Farce and Mummery at beſt.——

EPILOGUE.

* *Hamlet.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 AUG 22

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

AND

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

[*Enters reading the* Play-Bill.]

A *Very pretty Bill—as I'm alive!*
The Part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A Paltry, Scribling Fool——to leave me out——
He'll ſay perhaps—he thought I could not ſpout.
Malice and Envy to the laſt Degree!
And why?—I wrote a Farce as well as he.
And fairly ventur'd it without the Aid
Of Prologue dreſs'd in Black, and Face in Maſquerade;
O Pit—have Pity—ſee how I'm diſmay'd!
Poor Soul!—this canting Stuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bays he brings his Hangman too.
But granting *that from theſe ſame Obſequies,*
Some Pickings to our Bard in black ariſe;
Should your Applauſe to Joy convert his Fear,
As Pallas turns to feaſt—Lardella's Bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better Scheme by half
T'have thrown his Weeds aſide, and learn't with me to laugh,
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A Spouting Junto of the Female Kind.
There dwells a Milliner in yonder Row,
Well dreſs'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for Shew,
Who, when in Rage, ſhe ſcolds at Sue *and* Sarah,
Damn'd, Damn'd Diſſembler! *thinks ſhe's more than* Zara.

She

EPILOGUE.

She has a Daughter too that deals in Lace,
And ſings—O ponder well—*and* Chevy Chaſe,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's *Place.*
And in her cock't up Hat, and Gown of Camlet,
Preſumes on ſomething—*touching the* Lord Hamlet.
A Couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting Eyes,
With wadling Gait, and Voice like London Cries;
Who for the Stage too ſhort by half a Story,
Acts Lady Townly——*thus*——*in all her Glory.*
And, while ſhe's traverſing her ſcanty Room,
Cries——"*Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home!*"
In ſhort, there's Girls enough for all the Fellows,
The Ranting, Whining, Starting, and the Jealous,
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! Little do theſe ſilly People know,
What dreadful Trials——*Actors undergo.*
Myſelf—*who moſt in Harmony delight,*
Am ſcolding here from Morning until Night.
Then take Advice from me ye giddy Things,
Ye Royal Milleners, ye ap'ron'd Kings;
Young Men beware and ſhun our ſlipp'ry Ways,
Study Arithmetic, and burn your Plays;
And you, ye Girls let not your Tinſel train
Enchant your Eyes, and turn your madd'ning Brain;
Be timely wiſe, for oh! be ſure of this;
A Shop with Virtue, is the height of Bliſs.

F I N I S.

BRITISH
14 AUG 22
MUSEUM